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KER PORTER'S TRAVELS.

Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient B-byl-mia, &c. &c. during the years 1817, 18, 19, and 20. By Sir Robert Ker Porter. London, 1821. 4to.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

This is one of those massive quartos which nothing but the interest of their subjects can recommend to general reading. It is absolutely a fearful business to sit down to seven hundred pages of letter-press, and one feels inclined on such occasions to act the child a little, and have a peep at the pictures, which are sorts of caravanse-rais to rest at, before he undertakes the long journey. In the present case we have been mainly cheered by the sight of these pictorial stages; for the *designs*, or rather, to keep up the metaphor, the *signs*, are numerous, curious and attractive, exhibiting good show of entertainment for man. Nor have we been disappointed in their promise. The work is excellently written; the countries traversed, replete with various matters formed in the highest degree to invite human observation; the author every way competent to the task of unfolding what is most worthy of note, and, whether to the antiquary, the artist, the scholar, the lover of nature, or the studier of mankind, to present to them all that these vast regions afford peculiar to the inquiries and the tastes of each.

For ourselves we must say, that we have reaped great pleasure from this book. The friends of our literary labours are aware of the bent of our minds towards the class of subjects of which it principally treats. With Morier, Rich, Walpole, Von Hammer, Carmichael, Fitzclarence, Heude, Belzoni, and others, we have delighted, in our preceding volumes, to make our readers intimately acquainted. The soul, indeed, must be insensible to the grandest impressions, which

could resist the annals of investigations carried on in the very cradle of ancient mythology, history, science and arts; and we avow, that to us no writer can come with surer claims to regard, than one who has explored the earliest seats of our civilized species, the monuments, the ruins, the tombs, the last vestiges of the first nations of mankind. There has Sir Robert Porter been, and there he has not been in vain. An accomplished mind, the skill of an artist, and facilities of examination, were all in his favour, and he has produced what we consider to be a work of uncommon merit in almost every respect. The style is agreeable; the descriptions picturesque; the engravings of portraits, costume, antiquities, &c. and the maps, are characteristic and faithful, and the anecdotes interspersed among the graver topics, so judicious as to render the whole deserving of the praise we have bestowed upon it. But having prefaced thus much, we shall proceed to our review.

Sir Robert Porter left Petersburg on the 6th of August (O. S.) 1817, and journeyed into Persia, by the route across the Cossack Steppes, and over the tremendous chain of Caucasus, to Tiflis—nearly the same by which Mrs. Freygang (of whose affecting narrative we transferred the substance into our columns—*Literary Gazette*, for 1817, pages 325. 339.) performed her *voyage*, five years before. Their accounts coincide in every point; as does Sir Robert's with those of Tiflis, by a German traveller, at page 92 of our *Gazette* for 1818. From these we derive an assurance of the general correctness of his statements.

Near Odessa, which, as is well known, is rising into vast importance; is Koolinka, the seat of General Kobly, and we may cite as an instance of Russian progress, that—

“His property in that neighbourhood is of considerable extent, and great value. The soil produces abundance of corn, besides feeding

multitudes of sheep, bred from the original Merinos. This latter speculation has been found highly profitable to the landholders in general, whose pastures every where around rivalled those of Koblinka, some having from twenty to thirty thousand sheep in their flocks, equal in form and wool to any of the species I ever saw in Spain. The breed is crossed by Moldavian ewes, but the fleece does not degenerate.

Another remarkable fact is related in the following, connected with the same improvements:

“A dock yard has been established on the eastern shore of the Ingul, for building ships of war. One seventy-four, and one frigate, were on the stocks when I visited it. Indeed, an arsenal of this kind, and to be constantly at work too, is necessary to maintain a navy on these shores; for the Black Sea possesses a peculiarity more hostile to its fleets than the guns of the most formidable enemy—nothing more than a worm! But the progress of that worm is as certain and as swift as the running grains of an hour-glass. it preys on the ship's bottom, and when once it has established itself, nothing that has yet been discovered can stop its ravages. Even coppered vessels are ultimately rendered useless, when any small opening admits the perforation of this subtle little creature.

At Kherson, the tomb of the philanthropist Howard is dear to the eye and heart of an English traveller.

“The evening (says Sir R. Porter) was drawing to a close when I approached the hill, in the bosom of which the dust of my revered countryman reposes so far from his native land. No one that has not experienced ‘the heart of a stranger’ in a distant country, can imagine the feelings which sadden a man while standing on such a spot. It is well known that Howard fell a sacrifice to his humanity, having caught a contagious fever from some wretched prisoners at Kherson, to

whose extreme need he was administering his charity and his consolations. Admiral Priestman, a worthy Briton, in the Russian service, who was his intimate friend, attended him in his last moments, and erected over his remains the monument, which is now a sort of shrine to all travellers, whether from Britain or foreign countries. It is an obelisk of whitish stone, sufficiently high to be conspicuous at several miles distance. The hill on which it stands, may be about three wersts out of the direct road, and has a little village and piece of water at its base. The whole is six wersts from Kherson, and forms a picturesque as well as interesting object. The evening having closed when I arrived at the tomb, I could not distinguish its inscription; but the name of Howard would be sufficient eulogy. At Kherson I learned that the present emperor has adopted the plans which the great philanthropist formerly gave in to the then existing government, for ameliorating the state of the prisoners. Such is the only monument he would have desired, and it will commemorate his name forever, while that of the founder of the pyramids is forgotten—so much more imperishable is the greatness of goodness than the greatness of power!"

It is hardly worth while to question the validity of this sentiment; but we are afraid that the greatness of power is at least as imperishable as the greatness of goodness—we hear more of the heroes than of the sages of antiquity, and if we are at a loss about Psammis or Cheops, as the excavators of tombs and builders of pyramids, we know nothing of any of their good contemporaries.

On his way, our countryman arrived at New Tcherkask, the city of the illustrious Hetman, or more properly, Attaman, Platoff, from whom he experienced the same kind and cordial reception given by that celebrated warrior to every native of Britain, augmented by the recommendation of previous acquaintance and regard for the Russian family of Scherbatoff, with which Sir R. is connected by marriage. We shall transcribe portions of the journal here.

"The master of the inn where I put up, told me the Attaman was

at his summer residence, about two miles from the city, on the banks of the Axai. My wish was no sooner expressed, to join him there, than the worthy Cossack supplied me with a guide and a horse, and taking our course by a pleasant road, I soon reached the palace of my friend. It is a fine building, perfectly suitable in style and appendages to the high station of its brave inhabitant. A guard of Cossacks kept the gate; others with naked swords stood at the great door of entrance; while officers in waiting, orderlies, and every other degree of princely and military state, occupied the passages and anti-rooms.

"I did not delay being conducted to the Attaman's presence, and words cannot express the hospitable greeting of the kind old man. He embraced me, and repeatedly congratulated himself on the events, whatever they might have been, which had induced me to change my route to that of his territory. When he could spare me to proceed, he said, he would pledge himself that I should have every facility in his power to bring me to Tiflis in safety. The police-officer of Tcherkask being in the room, was ordered to provide me suitable quarters in the town; but the Attaman's table was to be mine, and he commanded an equipage to be placed entirely at my disposal. I urged that my stay must be short; but he would not hear of my leaving him till I had shared with him the honour of a visit he was then expecting from his imperial highness, the grand duke Michael. Anxious as I was to lose no time in crossing the Caucasus, I could not withstand persuasions flowing from a heart so kindly to myself, and grateful to my country. He expressed, in the most enthusiastic language, his sense of the attentions bestowed on him by all ranks of persons during his stay in England in the year 1814; he said, that, independent of private respect for individuals, he must always consider himself fortunate when circumstances brought any Englishman into the Donskoy country, to whom he might evince his gratitude."

"The hour of dinner, in this country, is generally two o'clock; but

Count Platoff always dined at five, or sometimes a little later. The manner of serving the repast differs in nothing from the style at Moscow, excepting that more wine is drank. The wines most in use came from the Greek islands; yet his excellency boasts his own red and white champagnes of the Don, which, when old, are hardly inferior to the wines of that name in France. I drank at the Attaman's table another sort of red wine, as excellent as any from Bourdeaux. It is made by a family of Germans, whom his excellency brought from the Rhine. And, from these specimens, I have little doubt that were the like culture of the grape, and similar treatment of the juice when pressed from the fruit, pursued throughout the country, the Donskoy vineyards would produce wines that might rival, not only those of Greece, but of France and Germany.

"Game is abundant here, and of the most delicious sort, particularly bustards, pheasants, partridges, &c. Fish, too, is in equal plenty, and, as a luxury, sturgeon holds an eminent place. Indeed good cheer of all kinds is procured at a very moderate expense; and, if I may be allowed to judge, by the liberal examples I saw, the bounties of nature are neither neglected, nor churlishly appropriated, by the natives of the Don."

The entertainments given to Prince Michael are detailed in an agreeable manner; but, like Mazepa's horse, we must on over the Steppe, and quote the author's first view of Caucasus, as a fair example of the picturesque and happy style in which he treats the beauties and grandeur of nature.

"On quitting Zergifskoy, we mounted the height, and continued travelling over a country similar to that we had passed the preceding day. We hoped to gain the town of Alexandroff before night, but were disappointed and obliged to halt at the village of Severnaia, finding it impossible to proceed on so dangerous a road after dusk. We set off, however, by times in the morning; and, after traversing a rather uneven country, at the distance of eight or ten wersts from our last lodgings, reached the brow of a very steep hill; from whence, for the first time, I beheld the stupendous mountains

of Caucasus. No pen can express the emotion which the sudden burst of this sublime range excited in my mind. I had seen almost all the wildest and most gigantic chains in Portugal and Spain, but none gave me an idea of the vastness and grandeur of that I now contemplated. This seemed nature's bulwark between the nations of Europe and of Asia. Elborus, amongst whose rocks tradition reports Prometheus to have been chained, stood, clad in primeval snows, a world of mountains in itself, towering above all, its white and radiant summits mingling with the heavens; while the pale and countless heads of the subordinate range, high in themselves, but far beneath its altitude, stretched along the horizon, till lost to sight in the soft fleeces of the clouds. Several rough and huge masses of black rock rose from the intermediate plain: their size was mountainous; but being viewed near the mighty Caucasus, and compared with them, they appeared little more than hills; yet the contrast was fine, their dark brows giving greater effect to the dazzling summits which towered above them. Poets hardly feign, when they talk of the genius of a place. I know not who could behold Caucasus, and not feel the spirit of its sublime solitudes awing his soul."

This is genuine and artist like—equally remote from the affectation of fine writing and want of proper feeling. Further on we are told—"A Scotch colony of missionaries have established themselves in the neighbourhood of Konstantinogorsk; but it may be regarded as an agricultural society, rather than a theological college, their efforts in spreading religious instruction amongst the infidel mountaineers having hitherto failed of success; the few whom they have converted to Christianity being generally murdered by their countrymen, as soon as they fell into their hands. To protect the colony itself from the plundering infidels, a certain number of Russian troops are always stationed there."

Our traveller having joined a convoy, proceeded over the mountain passes towards Tiflis. He gives an interesting account of the Caucasian tribes of Tartars, especially of the Tchetchinzi, a plundering and bar-

barous set of robbers. "The men are stout and robust in their persons, with fine countenances and dark complexions. The women are not to be described, being kept so close, as not to be seen by strangers, even of their own tribe." Of their habits, an idea may be formed from the following relation of what prevented the author from seeing the Russian general Pozzo.

"The convoy and my fellow travellers set forth again, early in the morning of October 3d (O. S.) the day after we arrived, but it was under so heavy a rain, that I thought less of my imprudence in having decided to remain behind them. At noon the weather began to clear, and almost at the same instant a courier appeared from the general, to inform the officer at the fort that his excellency's arrival there was uncertain; he being detained at the new redoubt, negotiating with a party of the Tchetchinzi, for the recovery of an unfortunate European lady, who had become their prisoner. The circumstances of her captivity were particularly distressing. Her husband, who was a Cosack officer, had left Kislar for this mountain journey, accompanied by his wife and a single servant, without any escort whatever. The too probable consequences of his rashness followed; he was attacked by a party of these brigands. His coachman and his servant were murdered, and, before the officer had time for any defence, the robbers fired into the carriage, and killed him by the side of his wife. They then plundered the equipage, leaving the dead bodies on the scene of murder, and carried the wretched lady into the mountains, where they sold her to a chief going further in to the interior. From the unsuspected sources of communication which general del Pozzo has amongst these people, he soon arrived at the knowledge of who were the actors in this horrid tragedy, and, with admirable address, lost no time in possessing himself of their persons. He now holds them as hostages for the safety of the lady, and proclaims his intention to detain them till she is repurchased, and brought, unharmed, to his protection. This happy result of his humane exertions he expects daily to arrive; but, meanwhile, does not deem it proper

to stir from the redoubt till she really shall appear, and so exchange the most horrible servitude, for those respectful consolations which every humane mind would be solicitous to administer to her wretched state. This poor lady's calamity is one instance out of many, of the barbarity with which these hereditary plunderers maltreat their unfortunate captives; and, indeed, the stories we are daily told, of the refined, or rather savage cruelties, practised on the defenceless human creatures who fall in their way, are enough to shake the resolution of any young traveller commencing a journey through so perilous a country."

The relics of Mskett, the ancient capital of Georgia, are briefly noticed. Among them was shown (says our text) "the place where the great and unfortunate Heraclius, the last king of Georgia, reposes, with his sons, from all the troubles of his reign—sleeps at rest, unconscious that the foot of a foreign sentinel treads and retreads the earth near his grave!"

The good father who accompanied me, mentioned, as other objects usually interesting to travellers, several holy relics. Those of the greatest note he named, were the vest of our Saviour, and part of the mantle of Elias. The first, for many years back, had been consigned to the safe-keeping of a finely wrought shrine, within the precincts of the high altar, and the latter, with other treasures of similar character, could not be shown to me, the archimandrite being absent, to whose charge the relics were committed."

Tiflis is 2627 wersts from Petersburg (two English miles are about three Russian wersts) and at Tiflis the convoy arrived in safety. As we shall not in our present number go farther into the bowels of the land of Persia, our remaining selections will refer to the most novel and prominent features of this city, as they are sketched by the author. The following is a singular description of the female baths, and we may well observe upon it, that travellers see strange sights.

"I was urged (says Sir R.) by the gentleman who accompanied me, to try if we could not get a glimpse into the baths dedicated to the fair sex. The attempt seemed wild;

but, to please him, I turned towards the building, and, to our astonishment, found no difficulty in entering. An old woman was standing at the door, and she, without the least scruple, not only showed us the way, but played our sybil the whole while. In one of the bathing-rooms nearest to the door we found a great number of naked children, of different infantine ages, immersed in a circular bath in the middle of the chamber, where their mothers were occupied in washing and rubbing them. The forms of children are always lovely; and, altogether, there being a regularity, and its consequent cleanliness, attending the adjustment of their little persons, we looked on, without receiving any of those disagreeable impressions which had disgusted us in the baths of their fathers. Passing through this apartment, without any remark of surprise or displeasure from the mothers of the children, we entered a much larger chamber, well lighted, and higher vaulted in the roof. No water was seen here; but a stone divan, spread with carpets and mattresses, was placed round the room, and on it lay, or sat, women in every attitude and occupation consequent on an Asiatic bath. Some were half-dressed, and others hardly had a covering. They were attended by servants, employed in rubbing the fair forms of these ladies with dry cloths, or dyeing their hair and eye brows, or finally painting, or rather enamelling, their faces. On quitting this apartment (which we did as easily as we entered it, without creating the least alarm or astonishment at our audacity) we passed into the place whence they had just emerged from the water. Here we found a vast cavern-like chamber, gloomily lighted, and smelling most potently of sulphuric evaporations, which ascended from nearly twenty deep excavations. Through these filmy vapours, wreathing like smoke over the surface of a boiling cauldron, we could distinguish the figures of women, in every posture, perhaps, which the fancy of man could devise for the sculpture of bathing goddesses. But, I confess, we were as much shocked as surprised, at the unblushing coolness with which the Georgian Venuses continued their ablutions, after they

had observed our entrance; they seemed to have as little modest covering on their minds, as on their bodies, and the whole scene became so unpleasant, that, declining our conductress' offer to show us farther, we made good our retreat, fully satisfied with the extent of our gratified curiosity.

"Persons who bathe for health do not remain longer than a few minutes, or whatever time may be prescribed, in the water; but when the bath is taken for pleasure, these people are so fond of it, that, like the Turks in the case of opium, they prolong its application to such an extent, as ultimately to be equally injurious to their strength and personal appearance. Some pass many hours every day in this debilitating atmosphere, independent of one whole day in each week; great part of which, however, is spared from the water, to be spent in making up their faces, blackening the hair, eyebrows, and eye lashes, so as to render only occasional repairs necessary during the ensuing week. Thus occupied in the vaulted room, these eastern goddesses, growing in renewed beauty under the hands of their attendant graces, meet each other in social conference; discussing family anecdotes, or little scandals of their acquaintance; and, not unfrequently, laying as entertaining grounds of retaliation, by the arrangement of some little intrigue of their own. For, I am told, there are days in the week when any lady may engage the bath for herself alone, or with any other party she may choose to introduce as her companion. The good dame who was our conductress, I understood, is never backward in preparing such accommodation."

Sir R. traces much of this laxity of morals to intercourse with the Russian military, and states that—

"Amongst the lower orders in Tiflis, the effect of European companionship has been yet more decided. Owing to the numbers of Russian soldiers, who, from time to time, have been quartered in their houses, the customary lines of separation in those houses could no longer be preserved; and their owners were obliged to submit to the necessity of their wives being seen by their stranger guests. The morals of a soldier, with regard to wo-

men, are seldom rigid; and these gentlemen, not making an exception to the rule, made the best of the opportunities afforded them by the occasional absence of the husbands, to eradicate all remains of female reserve, and its sacred domestic consequences, from the characters of their ignorant, but pretty wives."

From the bath to the oven is no inconsistent transition, and we beg our readers to cross with us and our authority to the bakers.

"While passing along, my attention was arrested at a baker's shop, by the singular way in which the owner was forming and baking his bread. He first rolled it out, to the length and breadth of a common chamber-towel, and not much thicker; then taking it up over the palms of his hands, threw it with admirable dexterity against the side of the oven, where it stuck. The wall of the oven being kept continually hot, by a constant supply of burning wood beneath, in a couple of minutes the cake was baked, and removed by the point of a stick. This kind of bread is in use over most part of Asia, and serves, not merely as food, but for plate and napkin during the whole meal."

(To be continued.)

Sketches of Manners, Scenery, &c. in the French Provinces, &c. &c. London, 1821. 8vo. pp.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

This is a posthumous work, from the pen of Mr. John Scott, whose unfortunate death in a duel has recently excited so much notice. Even were it very obnoxious to criticism, the circumstances under which it is published would disarm judgment of its severity; but it is, though a slight and unfinished performance, in reality one which does no discredit to the memory of the writer, whose Visit to Paris was so favourably received by the public. In his descriptions of manners, he is observant, judicious, and lively. We could wish, indeed, that some of his touches were more refined, for it is by no means necessary to accuracy that we should have such grossly distinct statements as appear at pages 36, 63, and 76. In other respects the book is blameless. Those parts which have received their completing corrections, are well written and pleasing; and the loose

memoranda, which were to have been the ova of more connected details, are, to say the least, interesting.

Mr Scott sets out with a short view of Jersey, whence he entered France by St. Maloes. Up the Rance to Dinan, and from Dinan to Rennes, he pursues his course and his remarks; neither, however, offering much of novelty. But what he does observe, is cleverly done, as for example:—

"At the aforementioned village, (Chaussée) it seemed but too likely that we should procure nothing comfortable. But here we had a proof how well the French can make much out of little. A very small quantity of broth, which looked as if it had been saved from some feast of yesterday, was put on the fire, and to it were added a bit of cold boiled veal, a bit of previously dressed pork, and a remainder morsel of beef. A stew, which also seemed a remnant, was taken from a dish to be warmed up; and a little bit of veal was put down to roast. In Brittany, unlike the greater part of France, they roast extremely well. We had roast meat every day, as well cooked as we could have had it in England! In the sequel the dinner-table was set out with ample variety and due regard to appearances, though there was not a good dish upon it in point of quantity. The national taste for variety was however fully consulted. There were the soup and bouilli, the fricandeaux and the roti; and afterwards the ceremony of the desert was gone through with some stale cakes, and a few cherries.

"The French bate nothing of externals in any situation. They have dinner arranged at the tables of the rich, and in the first hotels, according to the forms described; it follows also that the same sumptuous forms must be observed down to an hedge ale-house; the substantial merits of a dinner being abated at every stage, that the external magnificence may be wholly kept up. Gentlemen address each other with Monsieur, and therefore the postillions, carters, and peasants, do the same. In the Paris paper devoted to advertisements, I saw a cook-maid's application for a place in a kitchen; and those in need of one so qualified, were told to correspond with 'the young lady, Adele.' In England, at such a place as Chaussée,

the landlady of the inn would have put down but one dish of a homely kind, entreating her guests to excuse her humble fare; in France they never ask you to excuse any thing, but are always giving you occasion to accuse if you will."

From Rennes our traveller went to Laval and Vitré; of the castle, at the latter of which places, he draws an affecting picture.

"We went to see the fine castle of Vitré. It is in ruins, the rooms having been destroyed in the revolution; but the walls and towers are magnificent. Its ditch is large and deep; it stands upon an elevation of rock, and looks down upon the lower town from a great height; while the view it affords of the country is highly beautiful. The elegant *salon* had been entered by a flight of stairs. There was a large and fine suit of rooms below the level of the castle-yard, with windows looking out upon the lower town; the stairs to the *salon* were destroyed; its gilded walls were blackened with fire; the beams that supported its floor had tumbled into the rooms below, or hung over them in a broken and threatening state. Even the towers of stupendous strength had suffered. The walls they could not hurt; but the stone floors were broken in, and fire had been used here; so that the undertaking of ascending to the top of these grand buildings, was attended with considerable danger. The yard of the castle bears the most imposing look of antiquity. It has the profound draw-well, the arched gateway, the watch-tower—all in the finest old style. The Prussians had bivouacked here, and occupied the few lower apartments that are still defended from the weather. An old woman resides in a small porter's lodge, close to the draw-bridge, who shows the ruin to strangers. She was moved to tears when she described the place in its pride and splendour, which she had seen. She was on the establishment of the castle in her youth, and recounted the horrors of its fall with strong emotion. The destroyed rooms were converted into a revolutionary prison; and the kitchen was destined for those condemned to die. Some of the unfortunate family to whom it belonged, were here held in captivity, and from hence were taken to the place of

death. While our guide was describing these things, she spoke in a solemn whisper, as if surrounded by the state of past days, and overheard by the spirits of her murdered masters. In one strong room, near the outer gate, the police confined a mischievous madman, and his howling execrations, directed against the visitors, whom he heard near him, mingled themselves with the old woman's sad story, delivered in a low tone of voice, thus producing an indescribably awful effect. It brought the contrast between the present and the past with almost overpowering force on our feelings. We left the place, very much struck with what we had seen and listened to. Among other things, we were told, that some part of the family, now re-established at Paris, was suspected to have lately visited the ruins of the superb possession, *incognito*. They walked through the decayed *salons*, and stumbled over the fragments of their glory, with looks of melancholy grief, and, on going away, a young man gave a handsome donation to the aged portress. She has since had good reason to believe that this was the lord whose infancy she had nursed. She wept bitterly as she told us this, and declared she would have died consoled for all the past if she had but known him, and could have kissed his hand."

Journeying onward we came to Angers, near which the following odd erection is found:

"The country still continued thickly wooded, and we passed through a large forest. At the entrance of this a large gallows was erected, and on the beam were nailed the carcasses and skeletons of wolves, foxes, and other animals of prey. An inscription was placed over this fearful exhibition, which stated, that it was to deter the wicked, by a display of the miserable consequences that follow robbery and murder. 'Therefore, oh, ye sanguinary wolves, ye knavish foxes, and predatory vermin, beware, for thus does your sovereign lord, man, reward your guilty deeds!' The childishness of this may give an idea of the fanciful, trifling cast of the minds of the French. This board was put up by the proper authorities—by order of the prefect, perhaps. What would we think of a mayor in England, who had con-

ceived and caused to be executed, so elaborate a composition?"

At the capital of Anjou itself, though so famous in dramatic story, little occurs worth mentioning, and we shall only quote a brief passage relative to the arts.

"The museum of pictures in Angers is respectable, but not remarkable. Their best paintings are of the Flemish school. They have also one or two good Claudes, an excellent Sir Joshua Reynolds, and some doubtful pictures, said to be by Raphael, Correggio, Titian, &c. The pictures by Frenchmen are among the best I have seen of that class, and altogether the collection may be described as exceedingly valuable for the purposes of young painters."

Mr. Scott and his companions took an unusual way of going from Angers to Tours, for they determined on a voyage up the Loire. The particulars of this excursion are picturesque and amusing, and its difficulties, conquered by patience, are related with characteristic spirit. Here (viz. page 166) what may be called the regular MS. terminates, a hiatus is made, and the next page opens at Calais, in November 1818. We have so frequently to take this road, that we could derive little new from it for our readers, whom we shall therefore transport, as if in a balloon, to Paris, and from Paris to Besançon, the Simplon, and so by the Domo D'Ossola, into Italy. We do not mean to say that there are not many traits of character in the pages devoted to this route, but they stand better in the diary of the traveller than they could do in the Literary Gazette. A residence of ten days at Milan furnishes matter for many observations, chiefly obtained from others, and not of a personal nature. Among Mr. Scott's principal informants is his Italian master, and we select two extracts illustrative of a very important subject, the *state*, or rather the *want* of religion, in Italy.

"My Italian master told me that, throughout all Italy, people of good society (*bon ton*) are totally without religion, particularly at Rome. This is the necessary consequence of the Catholic religion, which the author of the work on the Social Institutions of the present day would have every where exchanged for Protestantism.

"He also observed that great at-

tention was paid here to all productions of England, and to all her measures; this corresponds with what I observe in print-shops and among booksellers; what a fine occasion to have taken noble advantage of! But the impression is not that of satisfaction with our conduct; we have rather disappointed hopes, and our travellers have not raised the reputation of our country.

"SUNDAY, 20th.—After my eighth lesson in Italian, I went to the church of Ste. Fiddle, which is of a beautifully simple construction, and afterwards to that of Santa Maria della Passione, rich in pictures. Here I saw a number of young females, all dressed in black, whom a rich lady of Milan, named Arresi, has rescued from the entrance on evil paths, and whom she supports comfortably, that they may either become *religieuses*, or be married, if eligible opportunities offer. In the latter case, the patroness gives a dowry. The ladies of the town also assist her in general charity, as she is well known for her compassionate disposition. I also saw young orphan girls under the same patronage, and was told that a number of rich females in Milan distribute large sums in charity. The lady Arresi has a fortune of above 20,000*l.* a-year, which is considered very great. I then went to the church of Santa Maria del Carmine, famous for its good music. I here observed that the poor people, who had (like my valet de place) almost lost the sense of religion in the new light of the period, were yet most careful, at particular parts of the service, to perform the prescribed signs of the cross and the genuflections: it belongs to their habits to observe with respect, as to form, the regulations of authority in religion, as well as in every thing else. The people, *comme il faut*, slightly touched their chair with their knees, in an inclining posture; but the people in rags and coarse cloth went down on theirs on the pavement."

The dispute between the Romantics and the Classics in the drama, is too little touched upon, though we dare say it would have been prominent in any matured publication: the following is all we can find upon it.

"For three or four years past," said my Italian master, "they have

made a terrible noise in Italy with their quarrels between the romantics and the classics. Your poet, lord Byron, who has written pieces in fragments to give them an air of antiquity, has been translated by Leoni and others, and read with avidity. Shakspeare has been translated, and at all the horrors, and gloomy passages and murders, the people applaud rapturously. Petzi, the editor of the Journal of Milan, wrote a good paper on this subject, in which he gave it as his opinion, that a people should not be accustomed to contemplate such barbarities; it tended to render them barbarous."

The picture of our tour-performing country-folks is more home.

"MONDAY, 21st.—The Signor dined with me. He regretted that he found the English mistrustful in regard to expences. I endeavoured to explain to him how it was: I observed that the expansion of knowledge, and the activity of opinion, had sent every body abroad; formerly our only tourists were a few lords; now persons of all classes travel. Many of these people are very good in their way, but better at home than abroad. They do great harm to national character. It is fit they should be told this: perhaps there is a disposition to overcharge a little—but a little—and when an Englishman, without knowing the language, without address, without manners, blunders and hammers about price, he reduces himself to the level of a native, yet has not the advantages of a native in such an affair. The worst of it is, also, that many play the *grand*, and yet are stingily economical. If a class, travelling only with reference to the fine arts, the sciences, the literature, &c. would say to the people, 'We are not *milordi*; we are in another class—the class of savans,' there would be a general disposition to receive them well, and to aid them in studying economy; for on the continent at present, this class is well understood, and respected; but there is another class, who, without declaring who they are—without having the tastes or the accomplishments of the other—and having all the cold pride, and imbecile, silent pretention of rich men, yet hammer, and stammer, and barter, by means of a laquais de place. The people

do not understand this class. Why are they here? say they. These people are very good in their own country; they have their uses, and are well adapted to take their part in our social edifice, but very ill adapted to go abroad; they should stay at home."

The same topic is further dwelt upon in other places, as will appear from the annexed examples, which are of necessity desultory being taken from unconnected memoranda, suggested by various scenes and situations in Italy, and merely inserted to exemplify the materials of which, had the author lived, he would have composed his work.

"Going past the door of the church, I heard a priest's voice declaiming with most sonorous force. On entering, I saw the commanding fine figure of a sturdy capuchin, with a rope round his middle, sandals on his feet, naked above, and placed not, as is usual, in a pulpit, but on a stage, with an elegant chair behind, his whole body from the head to the feet exposed, and his action, thus becoming more commanding than it can possibly be when only half the person appears out of a round tub, which pulpits in general are. This was the first instance of this stage-preaching which I had seen in Italy; but the effect was so fine, that I am surprised it is not more general. According to custom, there was a crucifix by the side of the orator, and his action of hand was with more force than respect directed towards the effigy. He seemed to know that his hearers, gaunt women, with flat linen cloth on their heads, and wild looking men from the Appenines, and from the long pestilential flat between the town and sea, probably forming the brigand population of this singular country, required strong doses; his eloquence was of the unflinching kind; his object seemed to be, to shake their souls as one would shake a phial, without stopping to look if it were all right. His congregation was numerous and most attentive."

"In the Hermit's Album of Mount Vesuvius, I observed that the Germans were the longest, the French the most particular in regard to their own conduct at the crater; and the English divided between the simple inscriptions of their names, and of coarse jokes. The Americans

were mean. One of our countrymen recorded, that he had made his way with great trouble to the top of Vesuvius, and found it was a burning mountain! After a list of some English names, to which was added 'have all been here to visit Vesuvius,' was added, in another hand, and Henry Bushe has been here too."

"The inscriptions in the hermitage of Vesuvius, as well as the book at the priest's, and the various albums, &c. all along the roads, prove that while England is the great fountain of travellers, Germany shares largely with her, and also Russia. The Russians, or the Muscovites, as the Italians call them, in particular, are said to be very munificent travellers. The Germans rate under the English, who generally now rate under the Russians. Of the French, though a number of their names and inscriptions are found, they are evidently inferior in number and consideration to the other nations above mentioned. They seem more soldiers or commercial travellers, who go to see Vesuvius amongst other things, and write sentences in albums, distinguished by their impertinence."

Such are the remains of the ill-starred John Scott: whose mind seems to have been well attuned to better feelings than those which led to his melancholy death.

MATURIN'S POEM.

The Universe, a Poem by the Rev. C. R. Maturin.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

We do not believe that this poem will add much to the reputation of the celebrated author of *Bertram*, but as its tone of reflection is philanthropic and elevated, and as it possesses some passages of merit, we give some quotations from it, a place among our leading articles. We own that the subject strikes us as too vast and vague to be a happy one. The Universe! What a trackless theme for the imagination; absorbing the mind at once in ideas of infinity and abstraction; prescribing no visible boundaries, either of beginning or end, to the poet's course; and leaving his planless and fortuitous progress without the power of exciting curiosity or anticipation. To two out of the three books of this poem, Mr. Maturin prefixes an

analysis of his topics. In the third, he leaves the clue of his contemplations to be discovered by the reader's own sagacity. The first part opens with an address to nature:—

"Nature—Ethereal essence, fire divine,
Pure origin of all that Earth has fair,
Or Ocean wonderful,—or Sky, sublime!
Thou—when the Eternal Spirit o'er the
abyss
Of ancient waters, moving, through the
void
Spoke, and the light began!—Thou also
wast—
And when the first-born break of glorious
day
Rejoic'd upon the youthful mountains,—
Thou
Cam'st from its God, the world's attem-
pering soul!
From thee, the Universal Womb con-
ceived
Its embryon forms, and teeming array'd
All Earth with loveliness and life—the
things
That draw the vital air or brightly glow;
The animate, or silent beautiful,—
High spreading glories of the wilderness,
That lift their blossomy boughs in sum-
mer air,
From Araby to Ind; flinging sweet dews
Upon their fugitive twilight: or the trees,
And flow'rets of the vernal temper'd zone,
Brief pensioners of Spring, that deck
Earth's wilds
Bestrew'd with all diversities of light,—
Seen in the rainbow when its coloured
arch
Hangs glitt'ring on the humid air, and
drives
The congregated vapours.—So array'd
In manifold radiance, Earth's primeval
spring
Walk'd on the bright'ning orb, lit by the
Hours
And young exulting Elements, undecid'd,
And circling, free from tempest, round
her calm
Perennial brow, the dewy Zephyrs, then,
From flower-zon'd mountains, wav'd
their odorous wings
Over the young sweet vallies, whisper-
ing joy—
Then goodliest beam'd the unpolluted—
bright—
Divine similitude of thoughtful man,
Serene above all creatures—breathing
soul—
Fairest where all was fair,—pure sanc-
tuary
Of those sweet thoughts, that with life's
earliest breath,
Up through the temperate air of Eden
rose
To Heaven's gate, thrilling love! Then,
Nature,—then,
Thy Maker look'd upon his work and
smiled—
Seeing that it was good!—And gave thee
charge

Thenceforth for evermore with constant eye

To watch the times and seasons, and preserve

The circling maze, exact. Pure minister
Of his unerring, all-pervading mind—
Wherever is thy dwelling-place—All hail!"

After descanting on the inscrutable nature of the divine Author of the Universe, the poet contrasts the magnitude and durability of his works with the narrowness and uncertainty of human designs:—

"All that is human fleeteth—nought endures

Beneath the firmament."

This truth has been so often editied, both in prose and poetry, that it now begins to lose the gloss of novelty. Bowzebeus* himself could sing how "the corn now grows where Troy town stood," and we have been so often assured of Babylon, Memphis, and Tadmor being now little better than piles of rubbish, and of the generations that inhabited them having passed away like the beings of a dream, that it baffles all ordinary powers of verse to give an air of originality to the fact. We remember a Presbyterian preacher, who enlivened this solemn truism by a rhetorical hypothesis peculiar to the Calvinistic pulpit—"Where," said he, "my friends," astonishing the audience by an unexpected display of his erudition, "where are all your great men of antiquity—your Hectors, and your Homers, and Alexanders, and where is Pontius Pilate, and Epicurus the great stoic, and all your Greek and Roman heathens? They are all dead, my friends, and what is worse, I am afraid they are all damned."

Amidst a good deal of commonplace matter, however, we were struck by the beauty and spirit of the following description of Pompeii:

—Thus deep, beneath
Earth's bosom, and the mansions of the graves

Of men, are graves of cities. Such of late,
From its long sleep of darkness disinterred,

Pompeii, with its low and buried roofs,
Rose dark upon the miner's progress, like
A city of the dead! a tomb perchance
Where living Men were buried! Tyrant
Death!

How didst thou triumph then!—Thou
used'st to steal

Behind thy sallow harbinger disease,

* In Gay's Pastorals.

Or take thine open and determinate stand

In battle's ranks; with danger at thy side
Forewarning gallant breasts prepar'd to die;

But there—thy spectral visage darken'd forth,

Amid the joyous bosom scenes of life.
From its invisible ambush! There—it found

The myriad fantasies of hearts and brains
Young loves and hopes and pleasures all abroad,

Spreading their painted wings, and wantoning

In life's glad summer breeze, from flower to flower!

And, with the fatal spell of one dread glance,

Blasted them all!—How sunk the tender maid

Then silent in the chill and stiffening clasp

Other dead lover! Echo had not ceased
To catch love's inarticulate ecstasies,

Strain'd in a first embrace; forever, then,
Fix'd statue-like in Death's tremendous arms;

A hideous contrast!—One fell moment still'd

Lovers and foes alike; workers of good,
And guilty wretches;—then the statesman's brain

Stopp'd in its calculation, and the bard
Sunk by his lyre;—the loud procession

Before the temple—all the cares of life,
With action and contrivance, through the streets

Throng'd multitudinous, in their busy time

Of bustle and magnificence,—and all
Life's thousands were abroad, and the high sounds

Of civic pomp rose audible from far:—
But louder rose the terrible voice of ruin

Over their mirth,—"**BE STILL!**"—and all
was hush'd!

Save the short shuddering cries that rose
unheard—

The upturn'd glances from a thousand homes

Thro' the red closing surge! the awful groan

Of agitated Nature;—and beneath,
Ten thousand victims turn'd to die:—

Above
Bright sunbeams lit the plain—a nameless tomb!"

In the second part the poet apostrophizes the morning star, and fondly dreaming that it is a world

of unprophane luxuriance, makes a natural transition to the possible amelioration and happiness of the beings who inhabit our own planet:

"Star of the brightening East! Thyself most bright,—

That thro' the shadowy air of silent morn
Shedd'st thy lone love beams down! 'Tis

sweet to think

—And soothing to the sorrow-stricken mind—

They dawn upon us, from a blessed home
Of peace and love!—For gazing on thy light,

I feel their solace, and forget to mourn!
Tired of my woes, I mount upon the wing

Of spirit, to thy glorious eminence,
To seek forgetfulness of storms that rend

A turbulent and transitory world!"

* * * * *

"For in that blessed noon of time, the world

Shall be as one wide city; with its streets
And several factories, apart, yet join'd,
Commencing in one spacious mart,—by one

Collective spirit ruled, through all her realms;

One wisdom and one faith shall govern man:

And his regenerate race shall o'er all kinds

Regain its lost dominion!—Walls shall rise,

Where monsters range the aboriginal woods

And thickets, undisturb'd;—and tillage fields

Bloom, where the horrid wilderness o'er-shades

Th' unseemly loves, and instincts, murderous

Of snaky broods, or, oft, at night, more fell

The tiger walks, and by some lone, scared hut

Prowls like a demon, uttering cries of death.

All dark and horrid things shall cease, and then

Evanishing, like spirits from pure dawn,
Fly from the waking world, then new disclosed,

In morning's mildly bright magnificence,
O'er many a climate, gilding tower, and town,

And dwelling seen by wood and mountain far,

Girt by the peaceful populous main, no more

By Heaven's dread wrath to tempests wrought,—or man's.

And then shall sounds of many voices wake

Those lone and mouldering fanes, where Silence now

With Desolation holds coeval sway,
Amid the wrecks of dim antiquity!

Then, from their tombs of time restored, shall they

Arising from the dust stand numerous
From Ganges westward to the Nile: then, proud,

Old Nineveh shall arise, and THAT pre-doom'd

'Till then to sleep in fate!—Nor far from these,

That famous in the songs of Araby
Sung to its wizard lyre,—metropolis

And palace of Almansor shall be seen,

And, pillared on its golden capitals,
Hold commerce with all earth!

For then shall be
A highway through all nations, and a
bond

Of joyful union!—Isfahan shall send
Glad tidings unto Sibir and Cathay,
Re-echoed with glad notes; for in that
time

Peace shall attune the trumpet, never
more

To shake the warrior's breast with fierce
delight,
But with its silver mountain lay sublime,
Winning the universal world to love!"

We take leave of Mr. Maturin,
wishing to see his agreeable genius
exercised on wieldier subjects than
the Universe, and objecting to that
theme, to borrow two of his own ex-
pressions, "most chiefly" on account
of its "vastitude."

STANZAS,

WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS.

B. the author of "Adarte," &c.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

I've plunged in every wild extreme,
That youth and youthful folly knows;
I've tasted deeply of the stream

That round the shrine of pleasure flows;
And like the Bee, from flower to flower,
Sipping each sweet, I've wander'd free;
Yet never found I earthly power,

DOMESTIC LOVE! compared to THEE!

Sweeter than passion's fever'd sigh,
Dearer than pleasure's fairy dream:
Before THEE all life's sorrows fly,
Like mists before the morning beam!
Thou only canst the roses fling

That make life's rugged pathway blest;
And scatter from thy downy wing
That peace which heals the wounded
breast!

It is not in the revel loud,—

At Mirth, or Fashion's midnight
shrine,

Where rival beauties thronging croud,

That Love asserts its power divine;—

'Tis when the tortured frame is torn

By all the pangs disease can give;

'Mid anguish, scarcely to be borne,

Its smile can bid the sufferer live!

Domestic Love!—thy hand can shed

Soft opiates o'er the burning brow;—

And round the couch of sickness spread

Those soothing hopes that cheer me
now!—

Yes!—let the libertine deride

As priestcraft, wedlock's silken chain,

But tell me, has he ever tried

Its power, in sorrow or in pain?

And Thou, who in life's summer hour,

Faught my young bosom to believe

Marriage an arbitrary power,

Invented only to deceive;

Who saidst, "At sight of human ties,
Made for the base and slavish mind,
The rosy god affrighted flies,
Nor leaves one ray of bliss behind."

Oh! didst thou know how false, how vain,
This doctrine of thy heart will prove;
Thou'dst own, that Hymen's fancied
chain

Is the true bondage wove by Love!
For where two youthful hearts unite,
And own one faith, one fate, one name,
Think not Love's torch will burn less
bright,

Though REASON sanctifies the flame!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

LADY MORGAN'S ITALY.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

As this Quarto will not, we believe,
see the light till the middle of next
week, we shall refrain from a critical
Review of it till it is fairly before
the public. As the writer, however,
has made much noise in the literary
world, we shall make no apology for
laying (without an opinion), two or
three exemplary extracts from her
new work before our readers.

"Milan is situated in one of the
loveliest plains of Lombardy. Its
canals, and its proximity to the lake
of Como and to the Lago Maggiore,
render it the most appropriate mart
for general commerce, of any city
in the north of Italy. Milan was
considerable under the Romans,
more important under the Lombards,
and magnificent as a republic; and
though it fell low under the Spanish
and Austrian rule, it recovered more
than its pristine splendour, and all
its former consequence, as the capital
of the recent kingdom of Italy.

As we entered its spacious line of
street from the Porta Vercellina, and
passed between its palaces to the
heart of its trading quarters (whose
ancient names recall the various
manufactures which flourished in
them, when Milan was the armoury
of Europe), they were silent and
lifeless: no bustle, no hurrying popu-
lation, none of the activity of busi-
ness or energy of commerce. Here
and there an Austrian sentinel paced
before the gate of some government
palace, a tradesman lounged on a
bench before his shop, a procession
passed with the viaticum, a devotee
with her long black veil, rosary and
missal, issued from a church, and
groups of Austrian officers smoked
their cigars under the handsome
awnings of the coffee-houses which

abound in every street. As the day
advanced, a few men of elegant ap-
pearance, in their English tilburies,
or mounted on English horses, pass-
ed along, and recalled London or
Paris. These were young Milanese
nobles, whose fathers, from their
high palace casements, behold with
more surprise than approbation, the
activity, temerity, and degeneration
of a race which, abroad before the
hour of the Corso, ride spirited hor-
ses, and drive their own carriages.
* * * *

"The first promoters of revolu-
tion and republicanism in Lombardy,
felt, that the Catholic religion
was so intimately interwoven with
ancient systems, that both must
stand, or fall together; and they
knew by experience, that some long-
revered and popular church was fre-
quently a more powerful engine of
influence, than any creed which rested
wholly in abstraction. In the
Duomo of Milan, they were aware,
centered much of the superstition
of the people; and it was for a mo-
ment debated in council, whether
that cathedral should not be sacrific-
ed to what were deemed greater in-
terests. Some proposed throwing
it down; others were for converting
it to public offices; but respect for
the arts, prevailed over the views of
temporary policy; and the edifice
remains to delight the eyes of en-
dless generations, while the Milanese
continue good *Duomo-ites*, if they
are no longer bigoted papists.

This latter fact we had the op-
portunity of establishing on the
Fete Dieu, when a procession was
got up under the superintendence
of the Imperial government with ex-
traordinary splendour. Upon this
occasion the Viceroy, his Imperial
Highness the Archduke Regnier,
with all his court, the military com-
mandant with all his staff, the state
and municipal officers, and the arch-
bishop with the whole clergy of Mil-
lan, the military standards floating
beside the banners of St. Ambrose
and St. Carlo Borromeo, walked
with the sacrament through streets
lined with tapestry and other gay
hangings, under triumphal arches
and garlands erected by the espec-
ial orders of the police. The streets
were crowded to excess; but the
theatrical exhibition, the flambeaux
(melting their wax, rather than
burning) in the blaze of the noonday

sun, the drawling monotony of the chant, and the tawdry finery of the church properties, excited more mirth than admiration; and was accompanied by more jests than genuflections. There was among the lower classes, who had come in from the country, some curiosity, but little zeal; while the town's-people were always irreverent, and often sarcastic:—not so in the Duomo. It was crowded to suffocation by the peasantry from all parts of Lombardy, who, grouped in families, were seated in permanent ecstasy, gazing with delight upon the mighty fabric, traditionally familiar to them, though now haply seen for the first time.

"While the temple of popular veneration was thus spared by the Revolutionists, another mode of attacking the strong-hold of superstition was adopted, nearly as bold, and quite as extraordinary. A Melodramme, or *Ballet d'Action* was prepared and brought out at the great national theatre of the *Scala*, called "*Il Generale Colli in Roma*;" or "*Il Ballo del Papa*."

All the characters thus brought forth for public derision were well known; the family of the reigning Pope, the strenuous supporters of the Papal power, and the secret or declared enemies of revolutionized Italy. On the night of the first representation, even the new government trembled for the event, and was prepared to have all the civil authorities in waiting, and the *gens d'armes* dispersed through the theatre. The introduction of the Pope upon the stage was a hazardous *pièce de touche*; and on the morning of the night of its performance (the first day of Lent in 1797), the crowds collected round the theatre almost induced the withdrawing of the piece, when, to the astonishment of all, it was found that an eagerness to obtain places was the cause of this accumulation of the people before the doors. With the exception of a few boxes of the *haute noblesse*, every part of the theatre was filled to overflowing. A good-humoured impatience was stamped in every expecting countenance, and the *gens d'armes* did not make their appearance. At last the curtain rose; and the splendid scene of the hall of the Consistory at the Vatican, beautifully executed, drew forth a burst of

general applause. In the centre was the pontifical throne of cloth of gold, with the Pope, seated in his robes, and surrounded by the conclave, prelates, bishops, &c. all magnificently habited. The articles of peace proposed by the French were the subject of discussion. The General of the Dominicans, with all the gravity becoming his costume, danced his opinion, that the decision of the conclave was made under the inspiration of the English and Austrians, and not under that of the holy spirit; and he ended his argumentative *pas seul* by throwing himself at the Pope's feet to deprecate a determination so false to his interests, and now so utterly unavailing, when the whole of Italy was already revolutionized.

"The Pope, amazed at this new counterpart of St. Paul reproving St. Peter, (*Il Papa*" says the program, "*sorprese di trovare in uno de' suoi teologi lo zelo di San Paolo, che oso di rimproverare San Pietro*,"") in a threatening *balance* rebuked the Dominican, called for the votes of the conclave, whose voices were still for war, and brandished the sword of the Church amidst the *Vivats* of the belligerent cardinals.

"The intrigues of the Princess Braschi, and the Princess Santa Croce, (the Pope's nieces, and the rival Queens of the Quirinal), the arrival of General Colli to take the command of the army, the influence of the Braschi over his heart, the councils of the Vatican and of the Palace Braschi, were all developed, to the infinite amusement of the audience. But, when (at the moment of the Papal army's going to march against the Republican troops) a Courier arrives with the news of the capitulation of Padua, and of the universal success of the French; and when the Pope suddenly on the advice of the Dominican, changing his intentions, throwing off the tiara, and assuming the cap of liberty, danced a few steps to show his handsome legs (of which Pius VI. was so notoriously vain), the house, convulsed with laughter, became tumultuous with applause, and called for the repetition of the piece, which was performed for many successive nights. During the whole exhibition but one hiss of disapprobation was noted, and that was when the pope came forward to bless his army.

"It is curious to follow up the fate of this ballet, and of its author. When Napoleon's views gradually centered in his own elevation to a throne, his first efforts were made to restore the influence of the church, and to reconcile himself with him, whose predecessors had consecrated the Charlemagnes, Othos and Fredericks. The melodrame of the general Colli was then eagerly bought up and destroyed, and the priesthood of Milan were permitted to persecute its author, Le Fevre, then a celebrated ballet-master. Le Fevre fled to Paris: but the word was given, and Buonaparte and the provisional government, under whose influence the piece was represented, abandoned him to his fate. Shortly afterwards, Napoleon observed in council, "*Lasciate dir la messa ai vostri preti: il popolo è sovrano. S'egli vuole la sua religione, rispettate la sua volontà*." Let your priests say their mass. The people are the sovereign, and if they choose to have a religion, respect their will."

Buonaparte at Pavia.

"The first visit of Napoleon was to the University. The rector at the head of its members, received and harangued him at the gates, terminating his oration with the following words: '*Da Carlo il grande ebbe questo celebre Archiginnasio li suoi primi principi; da Napoleone il Grande abbia la perfetta sua gloria ed eterna stabilita!!!*'—Charles the Great (Charlemagne) laid the first foundations of this university; may Napoleon the Great give it the completion of its glory, and an eternal stability!!!"

"But though Napoleon was as fond of ordering addresses to be got up, as if he were legitimate, he rarely had the patience to hear them out without some evident symptom of ennui, which the *bienveillance* of true royalty never exhibits; and he is said to have scarcely permitted the eloquent *Rettore* to conclude his oratorical euloge, when, rushing by the learned corps, he left the *farfical representation* of '*Emperor and King*' at the gates of the college, and with his natural vivacity, petulance and curiosity, ran from classroom to classroom, while his splendid military suit '*toiled after him in vain*.' Even the attendant professors found his celerity of movement and inquiry too much; and could

scarcely find time, or *breath*, to follow and answer him. '*Che scuola è questa?*'—he asked of the first school he entered. It was the class of metaphysics, of his detested *ideology*!—He sneered and took snuff; then turning to one of the boys, he asked '*Qual è la differenza fra la somiglia e la morte?*' meaning thereby, 'What is the difference between sleep and death?' This naturalization of the French word '*sommeil*' was too much for the boy; and he turned for assistance to his learned master, who was as much at a loss as his pupil to comprehend the mystery of these royal metaphysics. The case, however, was urgent: for a professor to confess ignorance would never do; but not to understand the Emperor was worse still; so down he plunged into a mortal disquisition on death, till Napoleon perceiving he was not understood, and that the metaphysician was talking *nonsense* on a nonsensical subject, turned from him petulantly, uttering the word '*Betise!*' too well pronounced to be misunderstood by any present!—He then hurried to another class-room, with his usual question of '*Che Scuola!*' &c. &c. It was the class of his favourite *mathematics*, and his eyes sparkled at the intelligence! He looked round him for a moment with great satisfaction, then snatching a book from one of the young student's hands, he gave him a problem to work. When the boy had finished the task assigned him by the Imperial mathematician, his Majesty looked it over, and said '*Non è così.*' 'You are wrong.' The boy boldly persisted that it was '*così*,' and that he was right. Napoleon snatched the book and pencil out of his hand; and the master coming in to the Emperor's assistance, endeavoured to convince him his pupil was not mistaken; to the infinite (and not *conceded*) satisfaction of the rest of the class. The Emperor then took the slate; and, while Marshal Jourdain, and others stood yawning behind him, he began to work the problem himself; till, self convinced of his error, he returned the slate, with a '*Si si è bene*;' but with the sulky air of a school boy, who had lost his place at the head of his class. He then proceeded to another school;—it was the school of *Volta*, the *Newton of Electricity*! Napoleon ran to him with

open arms, and begged his class might be drawn out.*

This must suffice for Lady Morgan, till we have her *Ladyship* regularly *sub judice*.

HUMBOLDT'S NARRATIVE.

Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent, during the years 1799—18 4. By Alexander de Humboldt, and Aimé Bonpland, &c. &c. London, 1821, 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 864.

These volumes, translated by H. Maria Williams, terminate the second volume (in quarto) of M. Humboldt's personal narrative, and be long to a work so universally celebrated, that we need only say, they are, if possible, more thickly studded with pieces of valuable information and curious matter, than the parts which have preceded them.

We never take up Humboldt but he reminds us of Othello, who

—Spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes—
And 'portance in his travel's history,
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose
heads touch heaven—

And of the cannibals that each other eat;
The Anthropophagi, and men whose
heads

Do grow beneath their shoulders,
he told the marvellous stories. Our author is hardly a trace behind him; and, like the fair Desdemona, we, with greedy ear, devour up his discourse; whence, without further preface, we shall now proceed to draw for the benefit of our readers.

The natives near the cataracts or Raudales of the Oroonoko, up which river M. de Humboldt made his way to a height little known to Europeans, are distinguished by several remarkable prejudices, among which, none are more fatal than those narrated in the following:—

"Among the causes of the depopulation of the Raudales, I have not reckoned the small-pox, that malady which, in other parts of America, makes such cruel ravages, that the natives, seized with dismay, burn their huts, kill their children, and renounce every kind of society.*

* At the Mahas, in the plains of the Missouri, according to the accounts of the American travellers, Clark and Lewis.

This scourge is almost unknown on the banks of the Oroonoko. What depopulates the Christian settlements is, the repugnance of the Indians for the regulations of the missions, the insalubrity of a climate at once hot and damp, bad nourishment, want of care in the diseases of children, and the guilty practice of mothers of preventing pregnancy by the use of deleterious herbs. Among the barbarous people of Guyana, as well as those of the half-civilized islands of the South Sea, young wives will not become mothers. If they have children, their offspring are exposed, not only to the dangers of savage life, but also to the dangers arising from the strangest popular prejudices. When twins are born, false notions of propriety and family honour require that one of them should be destroyed. 'To bring twins into the world, is to be exposed to public scorn; it is to resemble rats, opossums, and the vilest animals, which bring forth a great number of young at a time.' Nay, more: 'two children born at the same time cannot belong to the same father.' This is an axiom of physiology of the Salivas, and in every zone, and in different states of society, when the vulgar seize upon an axiom, they adhere to it with more stedfastness than the better informed men, by whom it was first hazarded. To avoid a disturbance of conjugal tranquillity, the old female relations of the mother, or the *mure japoic-nei*, (midwives) take care that one of the twins shall disappear. If the new-born infant, though not a twin, have any physical deformity, the father instantly puts it to death. They will have only robust and well-made children, for deformities indicate some influence of the evil spirit Ioloquiamo, or the bird *Tikitiki*, the enemy of the human race. Sometimes children of a feeble constitution undergo the same fate. When the father is asked what is become of one of his sons, he will pretend that he has lost him by a natural death. He will disavow an action that appears to him blameable, but not criminal. 'The poor *mure*,' he will tell you, 'could not follow us; we must have waited for him every moment; he has not been seen

* In Tamanack *mure* signifies a child; *emuru*, a son.

again, he did not come to sleep where we passed the night.' Such is the candour and simplicity of manners, such the boasted happiness of man in the *state of nature*! He kills his son, to escape the ridicule of having twins, or to avoid journeying more slowly; in fact, to avoid a little inconvenience."

Amid the prodigality and magnificence of nature, such are the moral evils which deform the scene; and we are often compelled to leave the author's glowing descriptions of superb landscape in the torrid zone, to vex our spirits with similar details. But the able manner in which distant objects and remote similitudes are brought to bear on almost every subject discussed, is the great charm of this work; and we have so vast a quantity of intelligence combined with so rich a fund of amusing anecdote, that the mind never tires. It has been alledged, that Mr. H. is too prone to this sort of classification, and to theories built upon it; but however that may be in a philosophical point of view, as a popular performance, it wonderfully enhances the attraction of his narrative. He is, in truth, the very Jacques of travellers, and his way is delectable, "compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and indeed, the sundry contemplation of his travels, in which his often rumination wraps him in a most humorous sadness." He morals on every thing; for example:—

"The inhabitants of Atures and Maypures, whatever the missionaries may have asserted in their works, are not more struck with deafness by the noise of the great cataracts, than the catadupes of the Nile. When this noise is heard in the plain that surrounds the mission, at the distance of more than a league; you seem to be near a coast skirted by reefs and breakers. The noise is three times as loud by night as by day, and gives an inexpressible charm to these solitary scenes. What can be the cause of this increased intensity of sound in a desert, where nothing seems to interrupt the silence of nature? The velocity of the propagation of sound, far from augmenting, decreases with the lowering of the temperature. The intensity diminishes in air, agitated by a wind, which is contrary to the direction of the sound;

it diminishes also by dilatation of the air, and is weaker in the higher than in the lower regions of the atmosphere, where the number of particles of air in motion is greater in the same radius. The intensity is the same in dry air, and in air mingled with vapours; but it is feebler in carbonic acid gas, than in mixtures of azot and oxygen. From these facts, which are all we know with any certainty, it is difficult to explain a phenomenon observed near every cascade in Europe, and which, long before our arrival in the village of Atures, had struck the missionary and the Indians. The nocturnal temperature of the atmosphere is 3° less than the temperature of the day; at the same time the apparent humidity augments at night, and the mist that covers the cataracts becomes thicker. We have just seen, that the hygroscopic state of the air has no influence on the propagation of the sound, and that the cooling of the air diminishes its swiftness.

"It may be thought, that even in places not inhabited by man, the hum of insects, the song of birds, the rustling of leaves agitated by the feeblest winds, occasion, during the day, a confused noise, which we perceive the less because it is uniform, and constantly strikes the ear. Now, this noise, however slightly perceptible it may be, may diminish the intensity of a louder noise; and this diminution may cease, if during the calm of the night, the song of birds, the hum of insects, and the action of the wind upon the leaves be interrupted. But this reasoning, even admitting its justness, can scarcely be applied to the forests of the Oroonoko, where the air is constantly filled by an innumerable quantity of moschettoes, where the hum of insects is much louder by night than by day, and where the breeze, if ever it be felt, blows only after sunset.

"I rather think that the presence of the sun acts upon the propagation and intensity of the sound by the obstacles which they find in the currents of air of different density, and the partial undulations of the atmosphere caused by the unequal heating of different parts of the soil. In calm air, whether it be dry, or mingled with vesicular vapours equally distributed, the *sonorous un-*

dulation is propagated without difficulty. But when the air is crossed in every direction by small currents of hotter air, the sonorous undulation is divided into two undulations, where the density of the medium changes abruptly, partial echoes are formed, that weaken the sound, because one of the streams comes back upon it-elf; and those divisions of undulations take place, of which Mr. Poisson has recently developed the theory with great sagacity. It is not therefore the movement of the particles of air from below to above in the ascending current, or the small oblique currents, that we consider as opposing by a shock the propagation of the sonorous undulations. A shock given to the surface of a liquid, will form circles around the center of percussion, even when the liquid is agitated. Several kinds of undulations may cross each other in water, as in air, without being disturbed in their propagation; little movements may *ride over each other*, and the real cause of the less intensity of sound during the day appears to be the interruption of homogeneity in the elastic medium. During the day, there is a sudden interruption of density, wherever small streamlets of air of a high temperature rise over parts of the soil unequally heated. The sonorous undulations are divided, as the rays of light are refracted, and from the *mirage* (looming,) wherever strata of air of unequal density are contiguous. The propagation of sound is altered, when a stratum hydrogen gas is made to rise in a tube closed at one end above a stratum of atmospheric air; and Mr. Biot has well explained, by the interposition of bubbles of carbonic acid gas, why a glass filled with Champagne wine is little sonorous so long as the gas is evolved, and continues to pass through the strata of the liquid."

This hypothesis is well worth further investigation; but we must surrender it to the scientific journals, and continue our more mixed career.

"The Indians of Atures," says Mr. H., "are mild, moderate, and accustomed, from the effects of their idleness, to the greatest privations. Formerly, excited to labour by the Jesuits, they did not want for food. The fathers cultivated

maize, French beans, (*frisoles*) and other European vegetables; they even planted sweet oranges and tamarinds round the villages; and they possessed twenty or thirty thousand head of cows and horses, in the savannahs of Atures and Carichana. They had at their service a great number of slaves and servants (*peones*), to take care of their herds. Nothing is now cultivated but a little cassava, and a few plantains. The fertility of the soil however is such, that at Atures I counted on a single branch of *musa* 108 fruits, 4 or 5 of which would almost suffice for the daily nourishment of a man. The culture of maize is entirely neglected, and the horses and cows have disappeared. Near the *raudal*, a part of the village still bears the name of *Passo del ganado*, (ford of the cattle,) while the descendants of those very Indians, whom the Jesuits had assembled in a mission, speak of horned cattle as of animals of a race that is lost. In going up the Oroonoko, toward San Carlos del Rio Negro, we saw the last cow at Carichana. The fathers of the Observance, who now govern these vast countries, did not immediately succeed the Jesuits. During an interregnum of eighteen years the missions were visited only from time to time, and by Capuchin monks. The agent of the secular government, under the title of *Commissioners of the King*, managed the *hatos* or farms of the Jesuits with culpable negligence. They killed the cattle in order to sell the hides. Many heifers were devoured by tigers, and a greater number perished in consequence of wounds made by the bats of the *raudaes*, which are much less, but far bolder than the bats of the Llanos. At the time of the expedition of the boundaries, the horses of Encaramada, Carichana, and Atures, were conveyed as far as San Jose of Maravitanos, where, on the banks of the Rio Negro, the Portuguese could only procure them after a long passage, and of a very inferior quality, by the river Amazon and Grand Para. Since the year 1795, the cattle of the Jesuits have entirely disappeared. There now remains in testimony of the ancient cultivation of these countries, and the industrious activity of the first missionaries, only a few trunks of the orange

and tamarind in the savannahs, surrounded by wild trees.

"The tigers, or jaguars, which are less dangerous for the cattle than the bats, come into the village at Atures, and devour the pigs of the poor Indians. The missionary related to us a striking instance of the familiarity of these animals, upon the whole so ferocious. Some months before our arrival, a jaguar, which was thought to be young, though of a large size, had wounded a child in playing with him; I use confidently this expression, which may seem strange, having on the spot verified facts which are not without interest in the history of the manners of animals. Two Indian children, a boy and a girl, about eight, and nine years of age, were seated on the grass near the village of Atures, in the middle of a savannah, which we have often traversed. At two o'clock in the afternoon, a jaguar issued from the forest, and approached the children, bounding around them; sometimes he hid himself in the high grass, sometimes he sprang forward, his back bent, his head hung down in the manner of our cats. The little boy ignorant of his danger, seemed to be sensible of it only when the jaguar with one of his paws gave him some blows on the head. These blows, at first slight, became ruder and ruder; the claws of the jaguar wounded the child, and the blood flowed with violence. The little girl then took a branch of a tree, struck the animal, and it fled from her. The Indians ran up at the cries of the children, and saw the jaguar, which retired bounding, without the least show of resistance.

"The little boy was brought to us, who appeared lively and intelligent. The claw of the jaguar had taken away the skin from the lower part of the forehead, and there was a second scar at the top of the head."

[To be continued.]

New Works, &c. announced in London.

[From the Monthly Magazine for June, 1821.]

In a few days will be published in small folio, the Kit-Cat Club, containing portraits and memoirs of the forty-eight members of that celebrated association; and among oth-

ers, those of Addison, Steele, Congreve, Kneller, Montague, Marlborough, Sir R. Walpole, Dorset Gurth, Walsh, and Jacob Tomson, with a prefatory sketch of the origin and progress of the society.

Mr. Mackenzie's Thousand Experiments, in Chemistry, advertised as ready for publication, is accidentally delayed for a few days.

Captains Parry and Lyons have sailed in two vessels, for the North American Ocean, in the hope of rediscovering the passage through which Maldonado sailed to Behring's Straits, from Hudson's Bay, in 1574. What has been done before may probably without a miracle be effected again, and hereafter such a voyage may be no more thought of than one to Archangel. The land expedition, to Copper Mine River, seems likely greatly to facilitate the nautical expedition, and the two cannot fail to set the question at rest about a N. W. passage to the Pacific, though after all there may be more of novelty than utility in it.

Sermons and Miscellaneous Pieces, by the Rev. Robert Wynell Mayow, formerly of Exeter College, Oxford, and Curate of Hardwick, near Manchester, are preparing with a memoir of his life.

There is preparing for publication, in one volume, 4to, The History of Ancient and Modern Wines, by Alex. Henderson, M.D. This work will embrace the substance of Sir Edward Barry's observations on the Wines of the Ancients, and will contain, in addition, a topographical description of all the principal modern wines, and a chronological history of those used in England, from the earliest period to the present time.

Some Posthumous Sermons of the Rev. Thos. Harmer, author of Observations on Scripture, left by him for publication, are in the press; together with the smaller pieces published by him during his lifetime, and some introductory remarks on his life and writings, by Mr. W. Youngman, of Norwich.

A Journal of an Expedition 1400 miles up the Orinoco, and 300 up the Arauca; with an account of the country, &c. is in the press, and will be illustrated by views.

In the press, and speedily will be published, a second edition of the

Gymnasium, by the Rev. Dr. Crombie.

Mr. A. A. Watts has in the press *Specimens of the Living Poets*, with biographical and critical prefaces. The work will be comprised in two volumes, crown octavo; to which will be added an appendix containing notices of those poets who have died within a few years.

The Treatise on Scrophula (to which the Jacksonian prize for the year 1818 was adjudged by the Court of Examiners, of the Royal College of Surgeons) is printing, containing its nature, treatment, and effects, particularly on children, and on the alteration produced by the disease in the structure of all the different parts of the body, with special reference also to its connections with spinal curvatures, diseases of the joints, and affections of the glands, by Eusebius Arthur Lloyd, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, senior Surgeon to the General Dispensary, Aldersgate-st. and late House Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Mr. Campbell, the Missionary whose former travels into South Africa are before the public, has lately returned after another journey equally interesting. He penetrated 800 miles from Cape Town, a greater distance than any other traveller whose good fortune it has been to return, and considerably beyond Latakoo. Several new and large towns were discovered. The population of some of these amount to 10,000 or 12,000 persons; the people friendly and docile, possessing much skill in the manufacture of pottery, in smelting of iron, and other useful arts; besides so intelligent as to know the value, and wish for, the introduction of better informed artisans. They have likewise desired missionaries to be sent to them, a wish which will be doubtless complied with by the directors of that society.

Chevalier Johnstone's *Memoir of the Rebellion of 1745 and 1746*, will be published immediately.

The History of the Plague, as it has lately appeared in the Islands of Malta, Goza, Corfu, and Cephalonia, &c.; by J. D. Tully, Esq. Surgeon to the Forces, will soon be published.

The late Mr. John Scott's *Sketches of Manners, Scenery, &c. of the*

French Provinces, Switzerland and Italy, are printing with all speed.

Dr. Davy will publish his *Travels in Ceylon*, in a few days.

Mr. Williams's edition of the *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, by Sir. William Blackstone, will be ready for publication in the course of this month. The insertion of the passages on the liberty of the subject, which are to be found only in the first edit on of this valuable work, and the promised correction of the errors and mis-statements of the learned judge, respecting constitutional law and legal antiquities, cannot but create much interest in behalf of this edition.

The first volume of Sir Robert Ker Porter's *Travels, in Georgia, Persia, and Armenia, &c.* is now ready for publication; and the second volume, which will complete the work, will be published in the Autumn.

An edition of Cook's three Voyages, complete in seven volumes, octavo, with thirty plates, will be published in a few days.

The following is a return of the number of convicts who have been sent from Great Britain to New South Wales, from the 1st of January, 1817, to the first of January, 1818; distinguishing each year, likewise the males from the females; and distinguishing the transports for life, for fourteen years, and for seven years.

year	Male Convicts	Female Convicts	Life, Male	Life, Female	14 Years, Male	14 Years, Female	7 Years, Male	7 Years, Female
1817	170	101	589	13	279	30	852	58
1818	2181	126	663	8	376	15	1142	93
1819	1932	148	636	27	286	46	1006	75
1820	2737	121	912	2	506	19	1319	50
Tot.	3570	496	2800	50	1442	110	4321	276

This subject still calls for the interference of the humane and benevolent, for it thus appears that 1589 wretched persons have been sent for 14 years, and 4597 for 7 years to a distance where they have no power of returning, by which small crimes are unjustly punished as heavily as great ones!

The Rev G Woodley is preparing for publication, *A View of the*

Present State of the Scilly Islands, exhibiting their vast importance to the empire.

In a few days will be published a Chart, exhibiting a sketch of the most distinguishing tenets of various religious denominations, from the commencement of the Christian era to the present time, new edition improved, by the Rev James Churchhill.

Shortly will be published, in 4to, with thirty plates and maps, a copious History of Brazil, including more particularly its Geography and Commerce, by Mr. James Henderson, recently returned from South America.

A new edition, corrected, of Bishop Watson's *Theological Tracts*, is in the press.

Mr. Gray has commenced his botanical excursions through the environs of London. The advantage gained in teaching botany by demonstrations in the woods and fields, with the plants themselves before the eye in their native place of growth, must be universally felt.

Dr. Dickenson has in the press, the *Medical Student's Vade Mecum*, being a work in the form of question and answer; comprising Anatomy, Physiology, Botany, and Pharmacy, &c. &c.; to which will be added an abridged and correct explanation of the chemical decompositions.

Mr. Busby, the architect, is preparing a Description of all the principal State Prisons, or Penitentiaries, in the United States of America. The work will be illustrated with plans and views of those establishments, in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, which were visited by Mr. B. in the years 1818, and 1819.

Shortly will be published, a small volume, called *The Parent's Medical and Surgical Assistant*; intended for the use of the heads of families, parochial clergymen, and others.

John Ayrton Paris, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and John S. M. Fonblanque, Esq. Barrister at Law, have in considerable forwardness, a work, to be comprized in one volume, in 8vo., entitled *Medical Jurisprudence*. It will comprehend Medical, Chemical, Anatomical and Surgical investigations, applicable to forensic practice, for the instruction and

guidance of Coroners, Magistrates, Counsel, and Medical Witnesses, with a copious Appendix of Statutes, Cases and Decisions.

Mr. Geo. Soane has in the press, a translation of the *Faustus* of Goëthe; also of *Sangerliebe*, a proverbial legend, by the Baron de la Motte Feueue.

The Royal Universal Dispensary for Children, St. Andrew's Hill, Doctors' Commons, founded in 1816, by Dr. John B. Davis, for the sole purpose of affording prompt medical and surgical aid to the sick children of the necessitous poor in all parts of the metropolis and its vicinity, without recommendation where danger exists, has been recently honoured with the patronage of the king. Since the opening of this institution, no less than 13202 objects have been relieved; and with a view to increase the facilities to the poor for assistance for their children, stations have been opened in Lambeth, and in Southwark, offering the same benefits as the parent institution in the city.

The Rev. C. Bradley is engaged in publishing a Monthly Series of *British Divines*; No. III. of which is just published, containing, Archbishop Leighton's Theological Lectures, after which will succeed the works of Hall, Doddridge, Horne, Hopkins, Watts, Baxter, &c.; Nos. I. and II. contain Beveridge's Private Thoughts.

Proposals are circulated for publishing by subscription, *Le Brun's Passions*, in Lithography, by Peter Simonau, Lithographer. It will be divided into five parts, each part to contain four plates or impressions, and the amount of subscription for the whole will be one pound, or for each part separately, five shillings.

There is at this time on sale, at the Museum of Mr. Ackermann, in the Strand, London, one of the most splendid specimens of Bibliography which has ever perhaps been offered to the world. It consists of the History of Westminster Abbey, published by Mr. A. and this copy is characterized by the following circumstances: the letter press is on vellum, the 84 original drawings by our first artists have been introduced, the titles of the drawings and of the volumes are by the late Mr. Tomkins, and the binding unites every point of magnificence, having

cost no less than 278*l*. The total cost of three volumes, in drawings, vellum, writing and binding, has been 1796*l*; but the proprietor, gratified with the honour of preparing such a book, asks no more than 1500*l*. for it.

The report to the Secretary of State, from the National Vaccine Establishment, dated April 12, 1821; states that the Small Pox has occasioned the loss of many lives in various parts of the United Kingdom since the last report; and that not less than 792 persons have died of that distemper, within the Bills of Mortality, in the course of the last year. That the multitude in many places have been so infatuated as to accept the proffered services even of itinerant inoculators for the small pox, in spite of their gross ignorance of all disease, and of the rudeness and inaptitude of the instruments which they employ to insert the poison. The reports of the Vaccinators at the several stations in the metropolis gives only eight cases of small pox, out of nearly 67,000 vaccinated by them, since the first establishment of this Board.

Early in the month will be published the case of the President of Queen's College, Cambridge, containing copies of the petition, affidavits, and original records produced in evidence in the High Court of Chancery, together with the judgment of the Visitor in that matter.

A novel feature of the month, is the presence of the Madagascar Prince, Rataffe, brother of king Radama, of that island, who has been introduced to the king. His person is good, his manners not unworthy of his rank, and he converses in tolerable French. His brother has likewise applied for missionaries and mechanics to instruct his people not only in religion, but in the art of civilized life. By these means we may acquire some knowledge of the interior of that vast island, which is now an utter blank in geography. It is erroneously stated in the newspapers that he is king over the whole island, but this is a mistake. It contains two or three sovereignties and numberless chiefs, who are in a great measure independent. For some curious particulars of these people, we refer

the reader to the tenth number of the *Journal of Voyages and Travels*.

A small volume has just been published, in which Kempelen's Automaton is proved to be an imposture. M. Kempelen was said to have invented an automaton which moved entirely by machinery, yet was capable of playing at chess, in such a manner that it never lost a game. This piece of mechanism was first exhibited at Vienna; and afterwards made the tour of Europe, confounding and astonishing all who beheld it. It is now proved to have been regulated by a person concealed in its body, and who surveyed the chess-board through a thin waistcoat, guiding the fingers of the automaton by springs.

In the lately published transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay is an account of a surgical case, in which the loss of a portion of bone in the arm of an Arab has been supplied through the dexterity of a native surgeon, by a silver tube.

Exertions are making by the Missionary Society, to excite the attention of the Christian world to the Gipsies! The object of these individuals is the formation of a society for meliorating their condition, and leading them into the paths of industry and religion. For more than 300 years these people have wandered through the country, frowned upon by law as rogues and vagabonds, without any effort being made in their behalf.

An ingenious machine has been invented, which can be affixed to a gig or other carriage, for measuring distances from one to a hundred miles, with the furlongs and roods.

We have pleasure in calling attention to Messrs. Browell and Co's. discovery for the prevention of Mildew in Canvas, at a time when the immense property vested in shipping is suffering severely from the ruinous diminution of freightage. Their process prevents mildew in flaxen and hempen canvass of every description; not only in those kinds of canvass which are whitened by bleaching, but the browner kinds are also secured by this process from mildew, whether in use or laid up in store. An opportunity is thus given of using with safety those kinds of brown canvass which, when made of good materials and evenly woven, are stronger than the Coker

canvass, and have been excluded from use on board the superior class of ships solely from their liability to mildew. Messrs. Aikin, Babington & Marcet, certify in regard to the just principles of the preparations, while experiments made in the Royal Navy for several years, conducted by the orders of the Navy Board under the care of their own officers on the coast of Africa, America and Newfoundland, amply prove the efficacy of Messrs. Browell's discovery.

A return to the House of Commons states the number of persons admitted to view the British Museum, from the 27th of March, 1820, to the 25th of March, 1821, at 62,543. The days of public admission are, the Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays in every week; when, between the hours of ten and two, visitors are admitted immediately upon their application.

Mr. Cornelius Webb has in the press, a second small collection of Poems, consisting of Summer, an Invocation to Sleep, Fairy Revels, and Songs and Sonnets.

Mr. Kent, of Glasgow, has invented a machine, by which he is enabled to walk on the surface of the water with perfect safety, at the rate of three miles an hour. On the 23d of April, Mr. Kent walked on the Monkland Canal, at the rate of three miles in the hour, in the presence of 20 persons.

Mr. R. Locke, of North Molton, has invented a machine for furrowing the ground, adapted to every species of soil that will admit of plough culture. It will furrow the ground at any given depth, from an inch and a half to eight inches, and from five to eleven inches in breadth, and will turn the furrow against hills of any declivity that will admit a power of action.

An Englishman of the name of Cochrane, has reached Irkutsk, on foot, on his road to America, by the north east promontory of Asia. On the 13th of September, last, he had travelled 8,000 versts, in 123 days, entirely on foot, and sleeps in the open air, and wears nothing but nankeen breeches.

Mr. J. Ramage, of Aberdeen, has constructed a 25 feet reflecting telescope, the largest, except that of Sir W. Herschel, ever made. The speculum is 25 feet local length and

15 inches diameter; the power from 50 to 1500, and the mechanism by which the observer and the instrument are moved, is simple and well contrived.

France.—M. Plée, naturalist, and in the employ of the French government, has made a tour of the island of Martinico, as a pedestrian. His object was to become acquainted with the different soils, and to discover such as may be adapted to the culture of foreign vegetables. M. Joquin, during his residence of more than a year in Martinico, had the plants, of which he has given a description, brought to him by the negroes. The plan pursued by M. Plée, though more fatiguing, will prove more useful. He had numberless difficulties to surmount, in crossing moors with which the island is intersected. His excursion round the island lasted six weeks. The catalogue of valuable objects which he collected, has been addressed to the minister of the interior.

[COMMUNICATION.]

ELEGY

On the death of the late Miss Vining, of Wilmington, who died on the 20th of April last.

What varying scenes the path of life await!
The smiles of joy, and adverse storms of fate.
Dejected lot! on whose frail step attends
No loss more mournful than our dying friends;
These round us fall, till left alone to brave
The threatening tempest and assailing wave,
Or wreck'd at last, the gloomy conflict o'er,
To seek the shelter of a kinder shore.

O Friend! whom now our faltering footsteps trace,
T' inclose thy last remains in earth's embrace,
Still warm the thought thy breathing influence fired,
Still bright the image which thyself inspired.
Once thy fair form to blooming beauty join'd,
The just ascendance of a graceful mind.
How then thy converse, with resistless power,
Raised the dull thought, and charm'd the social hour!
How oft thy wit, with playful force, defied
The prude's cold envy and the vain man's pride,

But gave to drooping innocence its part,
And won, by turns, the judgment and the heart!

These, dear to memory, from thy dust revive,

Glow in thy ashes, and thy form survive.
Such gifts from heaven in kind indulgence flow,

To cheer the gloomy lot of man below;
But when with filial care thy bosom prest
The parting anguish of a mother's breast,
Or sooth'd the moments when a brother died,

His off-spring nourish'd, and his cares supplied—

Or when with pale disease thy wasting frame,
Still bright the lamp of life's expiring flame,

Invok'd its God, his purpose to fulfil,
And bow'd obedient to his sacred will—
These, more than wit and beauty, gild thy grave,

And Heaven accepts them for the boon it gave.

What now avails thee! all that friends can pay,

The grateful tear and tributary lay,
The same thy fate our destined fires receive,

The proud who dazzle, or the good who grieve;

What though, by earth's involving turf oppress,

That form, so lovely once, its shades invest;

Tho' on that turf wild winds inclement blow,

The raging tempest, and descending snow,

Yet there the summer breeze shall lightly play,

And morning gild it with her earliest ray.

Lo! see fresh flowers ascend to deck thy tomb,

Behold them wither in the winter's gloom!
Returning spring again shall see them rise,

Embalm its gale, and blossom in its skies;
Form a pure emblem of th' immortal mind,

From life's brief joys and fleeting cares refin'd,

When the freed spirit, from its kindred clay,

Springs to new life amid the realms of day.

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